

Four Feet On a Fender.

It is anthracite coal, and the fender is low, steel-barred in the grate—and the tiles hand-painted in figures—the one at the top is a Japanese lady who smiles. There's an ornate clock on the mantel; above it a masterpiece; foot Gerona: On the fender four feet—my young wife's feet and mine. Trimly shod, in a row, and—at home. My slippers are bordered of velvet and silk—the work of her fingers before we stood at the altar. To have them made up cost me just a round five dollars more. Thus a new pair had cost at my boot-maker's shop. But each stitch was a token of love, and she never shall know. Ah, how easy they are On their perch the steel fender above. Words fall me to tell of her own. There's a chest. In her father's old garret—and there, 'Mid a thousand strange things of a century past. She discovered this ravishing pair. They are small, trim, and natty; their color is red. And they each have the funniest heel. White hair-grass stockings, high-clocked, underneath. These delectable slippers reveal. Ah, many a time in my grandfather's day They led the old fellow a dance. They were bought with Virginia tobacco, and came— Who would guess it?—from France. How odd that you story-faced ancestor of mine, In the earlier days of his life, Should have loved her who tripped in these red slippers then— The young grandniece of my wife! The course of some true loves, at least, runs not smooth: And I'm glad that 'tis so when I see The trim, dainty feet in the red slippers there, Which belong to my lady—and me! Two short months ago in this snug little room I sat in this soft-cushioned chair. No companion was near save my pipe. Now, behold On the polished steel fender four feet: Let them prate of the happiness Paradise yields To the Modern—the raptures that thrill The soul of the Hindu whom Jungernaut takes— The bliss of Gan-Een; and still I'll believe that no gladness which man has conceived Can compare with the tranquilized state That springs from two small feet alongside one's own. On the fender in front of the grate. L'ENVOI. In vain the illusion. The trim feet are gone:— They pass by my door every day— Yet they stop not nor tarry, but swiftly pass on— Nor can I persuade them to stay. And a bachelor's dreams are but dreams at the best. Be they never so fond or so sweet. The anthracite blaze has burned low; and behold On the fender two lonesome old feet! —A. C. Gordon in the Century.

THE WARRENTONS.

From The Country Gentleman

BY MRS. S. H. ROWELL, AUTHOR OF "THE YANKEE SCHOOLMISTRESS."

CHAPTER IV.

After dinner, Mrs. Warrenton took her knitting and went over to see her distressed neighbor. The little girls, with their baskets, went to the blackberry patch to pick berries for supper, agreeing to meet their mother at Thomas Warrenton's. They had nearly filled their baskets, when they came to the top of a ledge of rocks that descended almost perpendicularly, some twenty-five feet, to the stream that supplied the dam at William's mills.

"Oh, Tilda!" cried Sarah, "just look down here! Isn't it grand? I did not know there was such a place as this; did you?"

"No, indeed. How high up we are! 'Twould be awful to fall off from here!" said Tilda.

"See; it looks as if that big rock had rolled out from the side. What a thundering it must have made when it fell!" exclaimed Sarah.

"It hasn't lain there a great while, for there is not a bit of grass growing around it."

"There is a path, Tilda, right on the other side of the river; it comes across the water to this side, and then it turns around the big rock and comes up the hill right under where we are. Isn't it queer? What could anybody come there for? I shall ask father. But who is talking? I can hear voices. It seems as if it came up right through the ground."

"I am scared!" cried little Tilda. "Hush! Keep still! Perhaps we can find out who it is," said Sarah, who was two years older. "It does sound as if they were right under our feet, sure enough. I am going to do as the Indians do, and lie down on the ground and listen," and taking off her sunbonnet, she lay on her face to the ground, after bending aside the bushes that were in the way.

"Can you hear anything, Sarah?" "Hush! Lie down as I do, and see what you can make out. Be still as a mouse."

"One of the folks is Eben Shaw, Sarah."

"So I think. There are two other voices, certain!"

"Let us go down to Thomas'; I am scared!"

"They can't get up here! I want to find out what they are up to. I think they are pounding on iron."

"Oh, Sarah, do come!" and little Tilda began to cry.

"Keep still! They are talking about father now. I must hear what they say," Sarah whispered, and pressed her ear closer to the ground.

then got up with a white face, while a sharp, clicking noise, accompanied by a rasping sound, met their ears. "Come, sissy," she said, taking the little one's hand, "we will go down now. I have found out all I want to. I am going to make a trail through the bushes, so that father and the boys can find this place."

So they clambered down the hill, Tilda breaking down the bushes two or three times in a row, while her little hands bled with the scratches from the sharp thorns, till they got to the fence by the roadside and sat down to rest.

"What do you suppose they are doing in there?" asked the young girl.

"You must not say a word till we have told mother. I think they are making bad money! You know father said there was a lot of it circulating, when Henry handed him some change, and he threw a half dollar down on the hearth, and he wondered where it all came from. He said that half dollar had no true ring to it. I know there were two men there beside Eben Shaw, because I heard their voices."

Going to Thomas Warrenton's the children met their brother on his way to the house from the barn, and breathlessly told their story. "They are making bad money under there, and we know it! We heard them pound and file till our teeth ached; and that isn't all," cried Sarah. "Eben Shaw is there, and he told them how father was going to carry off his wool next Saturday, and they are going to rob him!"

"Well," said Thomas, "people have been on the lookout for these fellows for two months, and they can find no tracks of them. They suspect the Shaws are mixed in with them, for Eben bought a nice horse five or six weeks ago, and paid the money down for it, and part was counterfeit. He is watched close; they think he is leagued with a gang of regular counterfeiters, and these little monkeys have nabbed them at last!"

"We have not caught them you know, Thomas, but can't we hinder their killing father, now we know what they mean to do?" asked Sarah.

"Of course we will look out for that. What a little wise head that is of yours! There are not many grown-up women that would have managed this business more directly than you have. But there comes mother, and Mrs. Shaw is with her. Now, you must on no account let a word slip of your afternoon's adventure."

"Let us go home, Tilda. I know I shall say something if I stay; I never could keep a secret," said Sarah, laughing.

It was quite late when Mr. Warrenton and John returned from Woodstock, and Sarah started Harry post-haste to bring their mother home. William and Thomas arrived first, and Tilda crept into Thomas' lap and whispered in his ear that they had not said a word to anybody. Sarah sat by the window, with her lips puckered up tight lest the secret should get away from her unawares.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Warrenton, "this is sad business about Eben Shaw."

"What has he done now?" asked William.

"Oh, he has passed a pile of counterfeit money; and, boys, he has forged my name on a note that is in the bank. I have been there to-day. The officers are after him; they have been looking for him two days. He was here with his father last night, but no one has seen him since."

"I know where he is, father," said Tilda, jumping from Thomas' knee and running up to her father to tell the story.

Mr. Warrenton gathered every particle of the little girls' adventure, and sat for a few moments silently thinking over the matter. Then Thomas asked him:

"How large a note is it?"

"Two hundred dollars; it was payable in ninety days. Eben's name stands first; then his father's, and then mine. Pretty bold business!"

"I don't think Eben done it himself; he is not capable of imitating any one's writing; much as ever he can write his own name legibly."

"He presented the note at the bank and took the money himself; that is certain," he replied.

"There goes Eb. Shaw's new horse boys!" cried Dick, as he came from the shed, with an armful of wood. "He is a beauty. Just look at him!"

"I am afraid he will prove a costly

horse before he gets through with him!" said the father. "But who is it driving? I don't know either of these men."

"I have seen them pass here several times lately, either early in the morning or late in the evening," said Hannah, as they drove by.

"Boys, I think we had better go to Woodstock and notify the sheriff about the probability of these fellows being on the Burnap lot, as soon as we are satisfied the little girls are correct," said Mr. Warrenton. "One thing bothers me—how on earth Shaw found out I had sold my wool. I was in my wagon ready to start for home when the wool-buyer came up to me and we made the trade. I never spoke to a single person all the way home. I was thinking about what I had heard of the counterfeiters."

"I will tell you now they found it out," said Mrs. Warrenton. "You and I were talking over matters in the sitting room, and you had just told me of it when the Shaws came in. Mrs. Shaw said to-day that she had just heard that Hannah was to be married, this fall; and I was puzzled to think how it got out, for we had never spoken of it outside of the family. They must have listened that night."

"Well, boys, shall we go after the moon is up and see if we can hear anything of these fellows, under the ground?" said Warrenton.

"I am in for it!" said William. "But I must go home first and tell Betsey, so that she will not worry at my being gone so long. And you had better go home too, Tom. Some of the Shaws might go to your house, and we want to keep dark."

Before the moon rose, Thomas and Harry left, and walked slowly down the road.

"Father is mightily worried," remarked Thomas; "he has lived by the Shaws so long that he feels tender towards them. The Shaw girls are good for nothing at all! I wouldn't care if they did have to work before they die. They bother Hannah awfully, borrowing. It is one thing or another, all the time, that they want. These girls are the most impudent things out. Hannah has lent them her shoes, gloves and handkerchiefs; and only last Sunday they came to borrow her bonnet and shawl! I just told them that I did not think Mrs. Warrenton would like to lend them, lest some one should make a mistake and think she was riding out with unlawful property."

"The Shaws always sailed under false colors," answered Harry. "Why, some people think they are rich! If the truth was known, I expect the old man would not own a dollar in the world if his debts were paid. Their house is handsome, though. I wish ours was like it; and it is furnished right up in style. Nobody would think he was so behind."

"See, Hannah is there at the door looking for me. Have you been lonesome, little woman?"

"Mrs. Shaw has just gone home. I do pity that woman. She told me lots of her troubles to-night. There are two fellows from New York hanging around there, and the girls are dead set after them. Mrs. Shaw is afraid there is something wrong about them; but they have plenty of money and are going to help Mr. Shaw. They carry the girls to ride, and give them presents."

"I thought Cleverly was very attentive to Laura," said Harry, as he seated himself by the side of Thomas, on the door stone.

"I guess that is all broken off. One of these men, Mr. Brownlow, is engaged to marry her now. He gave her a silk dress, any way, and she is making it up. I should want to furnish my own wedding dress if I were she," said Hannah.

"Hannah Warrenton and Laura Shaw are two very different persons, you must remember," replied Henry. "I should hope they were," rejoined Thomas. "Why, that fine field of flax that Shaw raised two years ago is in the barn yet, not even swinged out. The girls won't spin, and Mrs. Shaw is a splendid weaver; they might have had chests full of good things to use if the girls had been industrious."

(To be continued.)

*Why is Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound like the Mississippi river in a spring freshet? Because the immense volume of this healing river moves with such momentum that it sweeps away all obstacles and is literally flooding the country.

Cabbage Worms.

The New Bedford, Mass. Standard, has collated all the various anti-cabbage-worm specifics, and gives them to its readers, as below, with the authorities on which they depend. It is hardly worth while to attempt to add anything to this formidable list, but we may remark that it is hardly possible that even the toughest of cabbage worms would be able to survive the administration of all of these remedies consecutively:

The Tribune says the cabbage worm that proves so destructive to the cabbage, is easily driven off by dusting the cabbage with finely slacked lime, mingled with carbolic acid. To prepare it, slack the lime in water in which the acid has been dissolved, just sufficiently so that the lime is brought to a fine dry powder. Scatter over cabbage early in the evening and also early in the morning.

The American Entomologist says: Of all the many remedies that have been tried for the imported cabbage worm, since it began to spread over the country, and to play havoc with our cabbage fields, few, if any, have given satisfaction. It is safe to say that the most satisfactory remedy so far discovered is in the use of pyrethrum. We were the first to apply this in 1879, but did not care to recommend it until further experiments had been made. These we have made the present year, and caused to be made by a number of our agents and correspondents. The general experience is most favorable, and we unhesitatingly recommend it for all the different worms affecting the leaves of our cabbage plants.

The American Garden says: Helio-bore, lime, salt, and similar substances, have been used with varied success for the destruction of cabbage worms. It is now stated that bran and buckwheat flour answer the purpose better than any other remedies that have been tried. The bran is simply dusted over the infested cabbage as soon as the worms make their appearance. If the worms are very thick, about a handful of bran is required to each cabbage head, and sometimes it is necessary to go over the plants a second time. A hundred weight of bran is sufficient for an acre. It must be applied when the worms are young. When they are full-grown, or very strong, it does not appear to affect them. The buckwheat flour is sifted on them by means of a sieve, in the evening or in the morning—when the dew is on the plants. If one application does not destroy the worms, a second one should be made. It is probable that wheat flour, fine Indian meal, or any other pulverulent farinaceous substance, would have the same effect.

The "Practical" Difference Between Philosophy and Poetry.

It sounds very poetic to say "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," but why not apply the principle to the more practical side of the subject, and render the quotation thus: Swayne's Ointment on account of stopping the itching caused by the Piles has made countless thousands well and happy. There would be sound logic in this but poets are never cheerful, are they?

The bid the Democratic leaders in Indiana made for the liquor vote may result in weakening the party more than it will strengthen it. The liquor dealers are not satisfied, and an important element in the party has been alienated by the anti-prohibition platform. The dissatisfaction among the rural Democrats is outspoken and may lead to a serious break in the party.

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